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WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1835.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY:

First Impressions of Foreign Scenes, Customs and Manners.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SCOTLAND.

Scottish scenery—a race—cheapness of lodgings in Edinburgh—Abbotsford—Scott—Lord Dalhousie—Thomas Moore—Jane Porter—the grave of Scott.

I was delighted to find Stirling rather worse than Albany in the matter of steamers. I had a running fight for my portmanteau and carpet-bag from the hotel to the pier, and was at last embarked in entirely the wrong boat, by sheer force of pulling and lying. They could scarce have put me in a greater rage between Crutenden's and the Overslaugh.

The two rival steamers, the "Victory" and the "Ben Lomond," got under way together; the former, in which I was a compulsory passenger, having a flaglet and a bass-drum by way of a band, and the other a dozen lusty performers and most of the company. The river was very narrow and the tide down, and though the other was the better boat, we had the bolder pilot and were lighter laden and twice as desperate. I found my own spank stirred irresistibly after the first mile. We were contending against odds, and there was something in it that touched my Americanism nearly. We had three small boys mounted on the box over the wheel, who cheered and waved their hats at our momentary advantages; but the channel was full of windings, and if we gained on the larboard tack we lost on the starboard. Whenever we were quite abreast, and the wheels touched with the narrowness of the river, we marched our flaglet and bass-drum close to the enemy and gave them a blast "to wake the dead," taking occasion, during our moments of defeat, to recover breath and ply the principal musician with beer and encouragement. It was a scene for Cooper to describe. The two pilots stood broad on their legs, every muscle on the alert; and though Ben Lomond wore the cleaner jacket, Victory had the "varminter" look. You would have bet on Victory to have seen the man. He was that wickedest of all wicked-looking things, a wicked Scotchman—a sort of saint-turned-sinner. The expression of early good principles was glazed over with drink and recklessness, like a scene from the inferno painted over a Madonna of Raphael's. It was written in his face that he was a transgressor against knowledge. We were, perhaps, a half-dozen passengers, exclusive of the boys, and we rallied round our Bardolph-nosed hero and applauded his skilful manœuvres; sun, steam and excitement together, producing a temperature on deck that left nothing to dread from the boiler. As we approached a sharp bend in the course of the stream, I perceived, by the countenance of our pilot, that it was to be a critical moment. The Ben Lomond was a little ahead, but we had the advantage of the inside of the course, and very soon, with the commencement of the curve, we gained sensibly on our enemy, and I saw clearly that we should cut her off by a half-boats length. The three boys on the wheel began to shout, the flaglet made all split again with "the Campbells are comin,'" the bass drum was never so belabored, and "up with your helm!" cried every voice, as we came at the rate of twelve miles in the hour sharp on to the angle of mud and brashers, and to our utter surprise, the pilot jammed down his tiller, and ran the battered nose of the Victory plumb in upon the enemy's forward quarter!

The next moment we were going it like mad down the middle of the river, and far astern stuck the Ben Lomond in the mud, her paddles driving her deeper at every stroke, her music hushed, and the crowd on her deck standing speechless with amazement. The flaglet and bass-drum marched aft, and played louder than ever, and we were soon in the open Frith, getting on merrily, but without competition, in the sleeping isle of Inchkeith. Lucky Victory! luckier pilot! to have found an historian! How many a red-nosed Palinurus—how many a bass-drum and flaglet, have done their duty as well, yet achieved no immortality!

I was glad to see "Auld Reekie" again, though the influx of strangers to the "Scientific Meeting" had over-run every hotel, and I was an hour or two without a home. I lit at last upon a good old Scotchwoman who had "a flat" to herself, and who, for the sum of one shilling and sixpence per diem, proposed to transfer her only boarder from his bed to a sofa, as long as I should wish to stay. I made a humane remonstrance against the inconvenience to her friend, "It's only a Jew," she said, "and they're na difficult, pair bodies!" The Hebrew came in while we were debating the point—a smiling gentleman, with very elaborated whiskers, much better dressed than the proposed usurper of his sanctum—and without the slightest hesitation professed that nothing would give him so much pain as to stand in the way of his lady's interest. So for eighteen pence (and I could not prevail on her to take another farthing) I had a Jew put to inconvenience, a bed, boots and clothes brushed, and Mrs Mac—to sit up for me till two in the morning—what the Jew himself would have called a "cheap article."

I returned to my delightful head-quarters at Dalhousie castle on the following day, and among many excursions in the neighborhood during the ensuing week, accomplished a visit to Abbotsford. This most interesting of all spots has been so minutely and so often described, that a detailed account of it would be a mere repetition. Description, however, has anticipated nothing to the visitor. The home of Sir Walter Scott would possess an interest to thrill the heart, if it were as well painted to the eye of fancy as the houses of his own heroes.

It is a dreary country about Abbotsford, and the house itself looks from a distance like a small, low castle, buried in stunted trees, on the side of a long, sloping upland or moor. The river is between you and the chateau as you come down to Melrose from the north, and you see the gray towers opposite you from the road at the distance of a mile—the only habitable spot in an almost desolate waste of country.

From the town of Melrose you approach Abbotsford by a long, green lane, and, from the height of the hedge, and the descending ground on which the house is built, you would scarce suspect its vicinity till you enter a small gate on the right and find yourself in an avenue of young trees. This conducts you immediately to the door, and the first effect on me was that of a spacious castle seen through a reversed glass. In fact it is a kind of castle-cottage—not larger than what is often called a cottage in England, yet to the minutest point and proportion a model of an ancient castle. The description in the engravings of the place lies in the scale. It seems like a vast building as usually drawn.

One or two hours were lounging round the door; but the only tenant of the place was a slovenly housemaid, whom we interrupted in the profane task of scrubbing the furniture in the library. I could have pitched her and her scrubbing-brushes out of the window—fittingly. He chose the spot, and he sleeps well. The sunshine is broken on his breast by a fretted and pinched window, overrun with ivy, and the small chapel in which he lies is open to the air, and ornamented with the mouldering scutcheons of his race.

more common than this species of theft in England twenty things from that rare collection, of which the value could scarce be estimated. The pistols and dagger of Rob Roy, and a hundred equally valuable and pocketable things, lay on the shelves unprotected, quite at the mercy of the ill-disposed, to say nothing of the merciless "cleanings" of the housemaid. The present Sir Walter Scott is a captain of dragoons, with his regiment in Ireland, and the place is never occupied by the family. Why does not Scotland buy Abbotsford, and secure to herself, while it is still perfect, the home of her great magician, and the spot that to after ages would be, if preserved in its curious details, the most interesting in Great Britain?

After showing us the principal rooms, the woman opened a small closet adjoining the study, in which hung the last clothes that Sir Walter had worn. There was the broad-skirted blue coat with large buttons, the plaid trousers, the heavy shoes, the broad-rimmed hat and stout walking-stick—the dress in which he rambled about in the morning, and which he laid off when he took to his bed in his last illness. She took down the coat and gave it a shake and a wipage of the collar, as if he were waiting to put it on again!

It was encroaching somewhat on the province of Touchstone and Wamba to moralize on a suit of clothes—but I am convinced that I got from them a better idea of Scott, as he was in his familiar hours, than any man can have who has seen neither him nor them. There was a character in the hat and shoes. The coat was an honest and hearty coat. The stout, rough walking-stick, seemed as if it could have belonged to no other man. I appeal to my kind friends and fellow-travellers who were there three days before me, (I saw their names on the book,) if the same impression was not made on them.

I asked for the room in which Sir Walter died. She showed it to me, and the place where the bed had stood, which was now removed. It was curious to see the wall or the picture over which his last looks must have passed. Directly opposite the foot of the bed hung a remarkable picture—the head of Mary Queen of Scots in a dish, taken after her execution. The features were composed and beautiful. On either side of it hung spirited drawings from the Tales of a Grandfather—one very clever sketch, representing the wife of a border-knight serving up her husband's spurs for dinner, to remind him of the poverty of the larder and the necessity of a foray. On the left side of the bed was a broad window to the west—the entrance of the last light to his eyes—and from hence had sped the greatest spirit that has walked the world since Shakespeare. It almost makes the heart stand still to be silent and alone on such a spot!

What an interest there is in the trees of Abbotsford—planted every one by the same hand that waved its wand of enchantment over the world! One walks among them as if they had thoughts and memories.

Every body talk of Scott, who has ever had the happiness of seeing him, and it is strange how interesting it is even where there is no anecdote, and only the most commonplace interview is narrated. I have heard, since I have been in England, hundreds of people describe their conversation with him, and never the duller without a certain interest far beyond that of common topics. Some of these have been celebrated people, and there is the additional weight that they were honored friends of Sir Walter's.

Lord Dalhousie told me that he was Scott's play-fellow at the high school of Edinboro'. There was a peculiar arrangement of the benches, with a head and foot, so that the boys sat above or below, according to their success in recitation. It so happened that the warmest seat in the school, that next to the stove, was about two from the bottom, and this Scott, who was a very good scholar, contrived never to leave. He stuck to his seat from autumn till spring, never so deficient as to get down, and never choosing to answer rightly if the result was to go up. He was very lame, and seldom shared in the sports of the other boys, but was a prodigious favorite, and loved to sit in the sunshine, with a knot of boys round him telling stories—Lord Dalhousie's friendship with him was uninterrupted through life, and he invariably breakfasted at the castle on his way to and from Edinboro'.

I met Moore at a dinner party not long since, and Scott was again (as at a previous dinner I have described) the subject of conversation. "He was the soul of honesty," said Moore. "When I was on a visit to him, we were coming up from Kelso at sunset, and as there was to be a fine moon, I quoted to him his own rule for seeing 'fair Melrose aright,' and proposed to stay an hour and enjoy it. 'Bah!' said Scott, 'I never saw it by moonlight.' We went, however, and Scott, who seemed to be on the most familiar terms with the chimney, pointed to an empty niche and said to him, 'I think, by the way, that I have a Virgin and Child that will just do for your niche. I'll send it to you.' 'How happy you have made that man!' said I to him. 'Oh,' said Scott, 'it was always in the way, and Madame S. is constantly grudging it house-room. We're well rid of it.'

"Any other man," said Moore, "would have allowed himself at least the credit of a kind action."

I have had the happiness, since I have been in England, of passing some weeks at a country-house, where Miss Jane Porter was an honored guest, and, among a thousand of the most delightful reminiscences that were ever treasured, she has told me a great deal of Scott, who visited at her mothers as a boy. She remembers him then as a good-humored lad, but very fond of fun, who used to take her younger sister (Anna Maria Porter) and frighten her by holding her out of the window. Miss Porter had not seen him since that age; but, after the appearance of Guy Mannering, she heard that he was in London, and drove with a friend to his house. Not quite sure (as she modestly says) of being remembered, she sent in a note, saying, that if he remembered the Porters, whom he used to visit, Jane would like to see him. He came rushing to the door, only exclaiming, "Remember you! Miss Porter!" and threw his arms about her neck, and burst into tears. After this he corresponded constantly with the family, and about the time of his first stroke of paralysis, when his mind and memory failed him, the mother of Miss Porter died, and Scott sent a letter of condolence. It began—"Dear Miss Porter!"—but, as he went on, he forgot himself, and continued the letter as if addressed to her mother, ending it with—"And now, dear Mrs Porter, farewell! and believe me yours for ever, (as long as there is any thing of me,) Walter Scott."

Miss Porter bears testimony, like every one else who knew him, to his greatheartedness no less than to his genius.

I am not sure that others like as well as myself these "nothings" about men of genius. I would rather hear the conversation between Scott and a peasant on the road, for example, than the most piquant anecdote of his brighter hours. I like a great mind in dishabille.

We returned by Melrose Abbey, of which I can say nothing new, and drove to Dryburgh to see the grave of Scott. He is buried in a rich old Gothic corner of a ruin—fittingly. He chose the spot, and he sleeps well. The sunshine is broken on his breast by a fretted and pinched window, overrun with ivy, and the small chapel in which he lies is open to the air, and ornamented with the mouldering scutcheons of his race.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS ATTEND.—A large

assortment of HATS, suitable for the country trade, may be found at DEXTER'S, (late Oiney, Dexter & Gill,) 37 Court street—opposite the New Court House.

CARDEMONS.—3 cases, superior quality, just received and for sale by LEWIS & CO.

TYPE FOR SALE—at one third the original cost; but

little above the price of old type metal. 187 lbs Picard

357 lbs Long Primer—652 lbs do—268 lbs Long Primer

Bourgeois—137 lbs Bourgeois—343 lbs Brevier. The above type is in good condition, and but little worn. The Type and printed Specimens may be seen at the Printing Office of T. R. BUTTS, corner of School and Washington street.

CARPENTER.—3 cases, superior quality, just received and for sale by LEWIS & CO.

COUCHES.—3 cases, superior quality, just received and for sale by LEWIS & CO.

IRON FOUNDRY.—The subscriber informs his friends

that he has lately purchased of the West

Boston Iron Foundry Company, all the property of the

concern—addition to which he has erected a commodious

building, with all the necessary conveniences for the

business in all its branches—that he is now ready to

receive orders for any article of iron, copper, &c.

W. S. JINNINGS, 10 Franklin Avenue, near Cornhill, respectfully informs the public, that he still continues to

carry on the business of Clothes Dressing, in all its various

branches, as usual—and being gratefully thankful for past fa-

vors, earnestly hopes by his untiring zeal in the prosecution of

his branch, to merit continued patronage. As to the economy

and utility of the improved art of clothes dressing, those who

doubt its renovating and beneficial effects in restoring old gar-

ments to their original appearance, the subscriber most re-

spectfully invites to make a trial before passing a cold and

unfavorable judgment—and assures all such, that no pains

will be spared to render satisfied.

Gentlemen's garments altered and repaired in the neatest

manner, and a liberal price given for off-cast clothes.

N. B. All orders as above, will meet with prompt attention.

Orders solicited and punctually executed.

W. S. JINNINGS, 10 Franklin Avenue, near Cornhill.

JOHN E. BROWN, VETERINARY SURGEON, re-

spectfully informs the public, that he will keep a slate at

Mr Foster's Stable, Devonshire st., and Mr Dodge's stable,

Milk st., where he may be found every morning from 9 to 10.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1835.

ELECTION RETURNS.

	FOR GOVERNOR.	FOR LT. GOV.		
Morton.	Everett.	Armstrong.	Foster.	Hull.
Medford	134	127	16	137
Hingham	80	260	86	260
Milbury	63	165	87	16
Brighton	38	58	5	
Dedham	108	194	146	135
Medfield	54	42	2	83
Dover	5	35	7	33
Medway	108	162	215	54
Franklin	79	93	46	135
Wrentham	74	189	175	75
Foxboro	34	56		
Andover	231	321		
Methuen	140	130		
Lincoln	6	46	18	31
Lexington	26	178	82	116
Acton	97	37	117	17
Littleton	10	78	24	60
Groton	68	130	1	86
Concord	65	218	2	170
Newton	42	162	10	111
Needham	17	61	3	
Brookline	27	90	10	52
Waltham	78	128	3	
Watertown	52	105	12	
Middleton	25	62		
Beverly	113	229	113	228
Marblehead	313	168		
Danvers	124	286		
Lynn	450	522		
Lynnfield	63	16		
Ipswich	209	190		
Hamilton	52	58		
Wenham	18	58		
Manchester	82	90		
Gloucester	703	374	704	374
Wilmington	18	54		
Dracut	79	89		
Tewksbury	58	70		
Billerica	81	76	81	76
Haverhill	352	315	357	316
Reading	102	117		
S. Reading	98	111		
Malden	99	22	83	101
Lowell	767	838	767	839
Weymouth	65	166	1	204
Wayland	16	63	39	40
Hanson	47	31	58	22
Burlington	48	13	51	9
Dunstable	21	44	38	31
Stoughton	58	115	15	149
Hopkinton	69	150	2	137
Taunton	298	165	41	365
Raynham	91	47	101	38
New Bedford	494	424	571	349
Easton	66	78	18	83
Mansfield	86	36	113	8
Berkley	32	52	1	65
Dighton	62	68	15	19
Norton	77	41	2	100
Attleborough	52	111	1	100
Seekonk	97	42	1	99
Pawtucket	29	54	1	44
Rehoboth	55	103	16	75
Fall River	103	252	237	113
Fair Haven	110	124	116	119
Dartmouth	37	100		
Westport	36	97	112	22
Swansey	43	64	85	25
Somerset	13	84	84	13
Freetown	84	37	70	10
Bridgewater	69	168	180	66
East Bridgewater	54	152	117	89
West Bridgewater	2	72	17	56
North Bridgewater	77	214	169	126
Attleborough Falls	52	111	1	100
Seekonk	97	42	1	99
Pawtucket	29	54	1	44
Fall River	103	16	75	93
Fair Haven	110	124	116	119
Westport	36	97	112	22
Swansey	43	64	85	25
Somerset	13	84	84	13
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Bridgewater	69	168	180	66
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STEAMBOAT LINE
FROM BOSTON TO GARDINER—Arrangement for August.

The new Steamer **PORTLAND**, Capt. John Howes, master, will leave Union wharf, Portland, for Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock, P.M., and Foster's wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 o'clock, P.M.

The Steamer **McDONOUGH**, Nath'l Kimball, master, will leave Union wharf, Portland, for Bath and Gardner, every Wednesday and Sunday, at 8 o'clock, A.M.—and will leave Gardner for Bath and Portland, every Monday and Friday at 9 o'clock, A.M.—

FARE—From Boston to Gardner, \$5.00;
" " Portland, 3.00;
" " Portland to Bath, 1.50; and Found, 1.00;
" " Gardner, 2.00.

Agents—**J. B. SMITH** and **CHARLES MOODY**, Portland—**T. G. JEWETT**, Gardner.

Stages will be in readiness to take the passengers from Gardner, & Hallowell and Augusta on the arrival of the boat—and will leave Augusta and Hallowell, for Gardner, on the morning of the McDonough's sailing.

11-aus

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

Once a day only for the remainder of the season.

The Steamboat **GEN'L LINCOLN**, Capt. George Best, will, on and after **MONDAY**, the 2d of November, go but once a day, leaving Hingham at 8 o'clock, A. M., and Foster's wharf, Boston, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Fare 37 cents.—Carriages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

N. B.—Passengers, by applying at the Captain's Office, can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 cents.

H. D. WHITON, Agent.

Hingham, Oct. 29, 1835.

BOSTON AND HARTFORD PACKETS.

The Regular Line of Packets between Boston and the above cities, will consist of the following vessels:

Schooner ANN, — Captain Flower,
CHIEF — " Churchill,
LYDIA — " Mills,
MARY — " Hall,
ECHO — " Gooldspeed.

These vessels are of the first class, and built expressly for these services. The captains have been long engaged in the business, and are experienced pilots. Every exertion will be made to ensure despatch in rendering this line worthy of patronage. It is intended, after the 10th March, one vessel shall sail every 14 days, from the head of Central wharf, south side, and one from Hartford every week. For terms of freight apply to **JOSHUA SEARS**, No 14 Long wharf, HARTSHORN & DEVEREUX, No 7 Central wharf, or the Captain, on board, head of said wharf, south side, and in Hartford to **THOMAS R. BRUCE** & CO.

11-aus

HARDWARE, NAILS, AND HOLLOW

WARE.

RICE & LIVING, Nos 54 Kilby and 72, 80 & 94 Wa-
ters, have received by late arrivals from Liverpool,

SHEFFIELD & BIRMINGHAM HARDWARE,

Cast Steel—Soldered to the Flat Trade, consisting in part of the following—

Knives and Forks Composition & DOCTORS

Pen, Pockets Steel London Emery

Shoe, Butch- KNIVES. Brass Kettles

Bread, and Knives English fine drawn Nails

Drawing 'Rodgers', 'Elliot,' Anvils and Vices

Wade and Butch- RAZORS Iron and Brass Wire

er and Barber's Razors Steel

Scissors and Shears

Sheep Shears

Cast Steel Pit, SAW'S

Cross Cut, Hand, Saws, Locks

and Iron Back

Files, all kinds

Chisels and Gouges

Plane Irons

Hemming & Son's Needles

Bundle and Pound Pins

Snuffer, Tea and Bread Trays

Steel Snuffers

Brass Goods, all kinds

Spikes and Nail Gimblets

Spiral Thread

Box Rules

Iron Compasses

Norfolk, Bright, LATCHES

Beaded & Brass

Iron Candlesticks

Brass do

Cap Wire, Nos 4 5 6

Braces and Bits

Awls and Tacks

Iron and Steel Squares

Bells and Warming

Copper Pans

Tenter Hooks & Rivets

They have also on hand of AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

Casks Cut Nails

Mapure Forks

Cinder Sifters

Coal Hods and Scoops

do Backstrap SHOVELS

Casted do

Spades

Ground Necked, HOES

Pounded and Cast Steel

HOES

Cast Steel

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